

CRITICISMS
ON
THE ROLLIAD,
A
POEM,

BEING
A more faithful PORTRAITURE
OF THE
Present Immaculate Young Minister
And his Friends, than any extant.

THE SEVERAL
BEAUTIES of that INIMITABLE POEM
Are likewise carefully selected.

L O N D O N:
Printed for J. RIDGWAY, No. 196, Piccadilly.

M,DCC,LXXXIV.

Price One Shilling.

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CRITICISMS

ON THE

ROLLIA D.

No. I.

"Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Græci."

NOTHING can be more consonant to the advice of Horace and Aristotle, than the conduct of our Author throughout this poem. The action is *one entire*, and *great* event, being the procreation of a child on the wife of a *Saxon Drummer*. The Poem opens with a most labour-ed and masterly description of a *Storm*. *Rollo's* state of mind in this arduous situation is finely painted:

Now *Rollo* storms more *loudly* than the wind ;

Now doubts and black despair perplex his mind ;

Hopeless to see his vessel safely harbour'd,

He hardly knows his *starboard* from his *larboard* !

B

That

That a hero in distress should not know his *right* hand from his *left*, is most natural and affecting; in other hands, indeed, it would not have appeared sufficiently *poetical*, but the technical expressions of our author convey the idea in all the *blaze of metaphor*. The storm at length subsides, and *Rolla* is safely landed on the coast of *Sussex*. Some of his followers discover and conduct him to the country-house of *Dame Sipton*, a Lady of exquisite beauty, and *first Concubine* to the *Usurper Harold*. Her likeness (as we all know) is still preserved at the wax-work in Fleet-street. To this lady he relates with great modesty his former actions, and his design of conquering England, in which (charmed with the grace with which he *eats* and *tells stories*) she promises to assist him, and they set off together for *London*. In the third book *Dame Sipton*, or as the author styles her, *Siptonia*, proposes a party to the *puppet-show*; on the walk they are surprised by a shower, and retire under Temple Bar, where *Siptonia* forgets her fidelity to *Harold*. We are sorry to observe, that this incident is not sufficiently *poetical*, nor does *Siptonia* part with her chastity in so solemn a manner as *Dido* in the *Æneid*. In the opening of the fourth book likewise we think our author inferior to *Virgil*, whom

whom he exactly copies, and in some places translates; he begins in this manner :

But now (for thus it was decreed above)
Sbiptonia falls excessively in love ;
 In every vein, great *Rollo's* eyes and fame,
 Light up, and then add fuel to the flame !
 His words, his beauty, stick within her breast,
 Nor do her cares afford her any rest.

Here we think that *Virgil's* "*barent infixi pectore vultus verbaque,*" is ill translated by the prosaic word *stick*. We must confess however, that from the despair and death of *Sbiptonia*, to the battle of *Hastings*, in which *Rollo* kills with his own hand the *Saxon Drummer*, and carries off his wife, the Poem abounds with beautiful details. But the sixth book, in which *Rollo* almost despairing of success, descends into a *Night Cellar* to consult this *illustrious Merlin* on his future destiny, is a master-piece of elegance.

From this book an extract has already been given in the different papers; but as the Philosopher's magic lanthorn exhibits the characters of all the *Rollo's* descendants, and even of all those who were to act on the same stage with the *Marcellus* of the piece, the present *illustrious Mr. Rollo*, we mean to select in our next number some of the

most striking passages of this inexhaustible *Magazine of Poetry*!

No. II.

Our author, after giving an account of the immediate descendants of *Rollo*, finds himself considerably embarrassed by the three unfortunate *Rollos*, whom history relates to have been *hanged*. From this difficulty however he relieves himself by a contrivance equally new and arduous, viz. by versifying the bill of indictment, and inserting in it a *flaw*, by which they are saved from condemnation. But in the transactions of those early times, however dignified the phraseology, and enlivened by fancy, there is little to amaze and less to interest: let us hasten, therefore, to those characters about whom, not to be solicitous, is to want curiosity, and whom not to admire, is to want gratitude—to those characters, in short, whose splendor illuminates the present House of Commons,

Of these, our author's principal favourite appears to be that amiable young *Nobleman*, whose
diary

diary we have all perused with so much pleasure,
Of him he says,——

———Superior to abuse,
He nobly glories in the name of GOOSE ;
Such Geese at Rome from the perfidious Gaul,
Preserv'd the Treas'ry-Bench and Capitol, &c. &c.

In the description of *lord Mahon*, our author
departs a little from his wonted gravity,——

———This *Quixote* of the Nation,
Beats his own Windmills in gesticulation,
To strike not please, his utmost force he bends,
And all his sense is at his fingers ends, &c. &c.

But the most beautiful effort of our author's
genius, (if we except only the well-known cha-
racter of *Mr. Rollo* himself,) is contained in the
description of *Mr. Pitt*.

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
Young with more art than *Sh——ne* glean'd from age,
Too proud from pilfer'd greatness to descend,
Too humble not to call *Dundas* his friend,
In silent dignity and sullen state,
This new *Octavius* rises to debate !

Mild

Mild and more mild he sees each placid row
 Of *Country Gentlemen* with rapture glow ;
 He sees, convuls'd with sympathetic throbs,
Apprentice Peers and deputy—*Nabobs* !
 Nor *Rum Contractors* think his speech too long,
 While words, like treacle, trickle from his Tongue !
 O Soul congenial to the *Souls of Rolles* !
 Whether you tax the *luxury* of Coals,
 Or vote some *necessary* Millions more,
 To feed an *Indian* friend's exhausted store.
 Fain would I praise (if I like thee could praise)
 Thy matchless virtues in congenial lays.
 But, Ah ! two weak, &c. &c.

This apology, however, is like the "*nolo episcopari*" of Bishops, for our author continues his panegyric during about one hundred and fifty lines more, after which he proceeds to a task (as he says) more congenial to his abilities, and paints

— in smooth confectionary stile,
 The simpering sadness of his *Mulgrave's* smile.

From the character of this nobleman we shall only select a part of one couplet, which tends to elucidate

elucidate our author's astonishing powers in *imitative harmony*.

——“ within his lab'ring throat
The shrill shriek struggles with the harsh hoarse note.”

As we mean to excite, and not to satisfy the curiosity of our readers, we shall here put a period to our extracts, and shall in our next consider our author's *notes* on the work, from which we apprehend that his knowledge as an antiquary will not appear at all inferior to his excellence as a poet. We cannot, however, conclude this essay, without observing, that there are very few lines in the whole work which are at all inferior to those we have selected for the entertainment of our readers.

No. III.

It was our intention to have proceeded immediately to the valuable treasures of uncommon erudition contained in the notes on this admirable Poem. We shall however at present take the liberty of postponing this design, and of giving instead, one or two extracts more from the great work itself, for the entertainment of the public.

The

The following beautiful address to Sir Richard Hill, we hope, will alone be a sufficient apology to our readers for the alteration of our plan.

Brother of Rowland, or, if yet more dear,
 Sounds thy new title, Cousin of a Peer ;
 Scholar of various learning, good or evil,
 Alike what God inspir'd, or what the Devil ;
 Speaker well skill'd, what no man hears, to write ;
 Sleep giving Poet of a sleepless night ;
 Polemic, Politician, Saint, and Wit,
 Now lashing Madan, now defending Pitt ;
 Thy praises here shall live till time be o'er,
 Friend of *King George*, tho' of *King Jesus* more !

The solemnity of this opening is well suited to the dignity of the occasion. The heroes of Homer generally address each other by an appellative, marking their affinity to some illustrious personage. The Grecian poet, it must be confessed, in such cases, uses a patronimic, expressive of the genealogy ; as *Pelides*, *Æacides*, *Laertiades* ; but it is not absolutely necessary to observe this rule.—For, M^rPherson, a poet with whom our author is most likely to be intimately acquainted, makes his hero Fingal, address Ossian by the titles of “ Father of Oscar.” It should seem therefore to be sufficient, if in addressing a great man, you particularise any celebrated

celebrated character of the family who may be supposed to reflect honour on his connections ; and the Reverend Rowland Hill was certainly the most celebrated of our worthy Baronet's relations before the late creation of Lord Berwick, on which the next line happily touches. The other allusions in the apostrophe, to Sir Richard's promiscuous quotations from the Bible and Rochester ; to his elegant compositions in the news-papers, which he calls his *speeches* ; to the verses, which he repeated in the House of Commons ; to a pamphlet against Mr. Madan, by Richard Hill, Esq; and to an elegant parody of *amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*, in the very words adopted by our author ; all these, except indeed the pamphlet, we presume to be too well known to require any illustration.

The promise of immortality to the worthy baronet, by means of the present poem, is truly in the spirit of the classics. The modesty of Virgil, indeed, on a similar occasion, led him to insert a saving clause of

Si quid mea carmina possint ;

but our Poet, with the confidence of superior genius,

C

nus, says to his muse, in the stile of Horace,

———Sume superbiam

Quæsitam meritis,

Our author seems very fond of Mr. Dundas,

Whose exalted soul,

No bonds of vulgar prejudice controul;

Of shame unconscious in his bold career,

He spurns that honour which the weak revere, &c.

But as this Gentleman's character is so perfectly well understood by the public, we shall rather select a short catalogue of some among the inferior ministerial heroes, who have hitherto been less frequently described.

Mahon, outroaring torrents in their course,

Banks the precise, and fluent Wilberforce,

Not Arden, and the cooler Scott repair,

And Villers, comely with the flaxen hair;

The gentle Grenvill's ever grinning Son,

And the dark brow of solemn Hamilton,

These minatures, as we may call them, present us with very striking likenesses of the living originals. Lord Mahon perhaps might be an excellent

lent figure for a large portrait; but most of the others are seen to as much advantage in this small size as they could possibly have been, had they been taken at full length. In the character of Villers, it is probable that our Author may have had in his eye the Nircus of Homer; who, as the commentators remark, is celebrated in the catalogue of warriors, for the handsomest man in the Grecian army, and is never mentioned again through the whole twenty-four books of the Iliad.

No. IV.

A new edition (being the nineteenth) of this universally admired poem, having been recently published, the ingenious author has taken that opportunity to introduce some new lines on an occasion perfectly congenial to his muse, and in the highest degree interesting to the public, namely, the late *Fast* and *Thanksgiving*, together with the famous discourse preached in celebration of that day by that illustrious orator and divine, the Reverend *Mr. Secretary Pettyman*. — This episode,

which is emphatically termed by himself in his prefatory address to this last edition, his *Episode Parsonic*, seems to have been written perfectly *con amore*, and is considered by critics as one of the happiest effusions of the distinguished genius from whose high-wrapped fancy it originated. It consists of nine-and-forty lines, of which, without farther exordium, we shall submit the following extracts to the inspection, or, more properly speaking, the admiration of our readers. He sets out with a most spirited compliment to Dr. *Prettyman*. The two first lines are considered by critics as the most successful example of the *alliterative* ornament upon record.

Thou Prince of Preachers, and thou Prince's Priest ;
 Pembroke's pale pride—in Pitt's *præcordia* plac'd.
 —Thy merits all shall future ages scan,
 And PRINCE be lost in PARSON *Prettyman*.

The beauty of the historical allusion, namely, to *Prince Prettyman*, need not be pointed out to our readers, and the presage that the fame of this Royal personage should be lost and absorbed in the rising reputation of the ingenious divine, is peculiarly ingenious and well turned. The celebrated passage of Virgil,

“ Tu

“Tu Marcellus eris:”

is supposed to have been the Poet's recollection at the moment of his conceiving this passage, not that the

“Oh miserande puer!”

in the preceding line, is imagined to have excited any idea of Mr. Pitt.

Our author now pursues his Hero to the pulpit, and there, in imitation of *Homer*, who always takes the opportunity for giving a minute description of his *personæ*, when they are on the very verge of entering upon an engagement, he gives a labour-ed, but animated detail of the Doctor's personal manners and deportment. Speaking of the penetrating countenance for which the Doctor is distinguished, he says,

Argus could boast an *hundred* eyes, 'tis true,
The Doctor looks an *hundred* ways with *two*,
Gimlets they are, and bore you through and through. }

This is a very elegant and classic compliment,
and

and shews clearly what a decided advantage our rev. hero possesses over the celebrated Ορθολογιστής of antiquity. Addison is justly famous in the literary world, for the judgment with which he selects and applies familiar words to great occasions, as in the instances :

———“ The great, the important Day,
“ *Big* with the Fare of Cato and of Rome”———

“ The sun grows *dim* with age, &c. &c.”

This is a very great beauty, for it fares with ideas, as with individuals ; we are the more interested in their fate, the better we are acquainted with them, but how inferior is Addison in this respect to our author ?

Gimlets they are, &c.

There is not such a word in all *Cato* ! How well-known and domestic the image ! How specific and forcible the application !—Our author proceeds : Having described very accurately the stile of the doctor’s hair-dressing, and devoted ten beautiful lines to an eulogy upon the brilliant on the little finger of his right hand, of which he emphatically

phatically says :

No *vaal* putrescent, nor no *whiting's* eye,
In the true water with this ring could vie ;

he breaks out into the following most inspired
and vigorous apostrophe—

Oh ! had you seen his lily, lily hand,
Stroke his spare cheek, and coax his snow-white band :
This adding force to all his pow'rs of speech ;
This the protector of his sacred breech,
That points the way to Heav'n's cœlestial grace,
This keeps his *small-clothes* in their proper place,
Oh ! how the comely minister you'd prais'd,
As right and sinister by turn he rais'd !!!

Who does not perceive, in this description, as
if before their eyes, the thin figure of emaciated
divinity ; divided between religion and decorum ;
anxious to produce some truth, and conceal *others* ;
at once concerned for *fundamental* points of vari-
ous kinds ; ever at the *bottom* of things—Who
does not see this, and seeing, who does not admire ?
The notes that accompany this excellent episode,
contain admirable instances of our author's pro-
found knowledge in all the literature of our estab-
lished religion, and shall be produced on the very
first

first opportunity, as a full and decisive proof that his learning is perfectly on a level with his genius, and his religion quite equal to his poetry.

No. V.

On Monday last, the twentieth edition of this incomparable poem made its appearance, and we safely venture to predict, that should it be followed by an hundred more, while the fertile and inexhaustible genius of the author continues to enrich every new edition with new beauties, they will not fail to run through, with the same rapidity that the former have done, so universal is the enthusiasm prevailing among the genuine lovers of poetry, and all persons of acknowledged taste, with respect to this wonderful and unparalled production.

What chiefly distinguishes this edition, and renders it peculiarly interesting at the present moment, is the admirable description contained in it of the
newly

newly appointed India Board; in which the characters of the members composing it are most happily, though perhaps somewhat severely, contrasted with those to whom the same high office had been allotted by a former administration.

That the feelings of the public are in unison with those of our author upon this occasion, is sufficiently apparent from the frequent Panegyrics with which the public papers have of late been filled, upon the characters of these distinguished personages. In truth, the superiority of our present excellent administration over their opponents, can in no instance be more clearly demonstrated, than by a candid examination of the comparative merits of the persons appointed by each of them to preside in this arduous and important department.

Our author opens this comparison by the following elegant compliment to the accomplished Nobleman, whose situation, as Secretary of State, entitles him to a priority of notice, as the eminence of his abilities will ever ensure him a due superiority of weight in the deliberations of the board.

Sydney, whom all the pow'rs of rhet'rick grace,
 Consistent Sydney fills Fitzwilliam's place;
 O, had by nature but propitious been,
 His strength of genius to his length of chin,
 His mighty mind in some prodigious plan,
 At once with ease had reach'd to Indostan!

The idea conveyed in these lines, of the possibility of a feature in the human face extending to so prodigious a distance as the East Indies, has been objected to as somewhat hyperbolical: but those who are well acquainted with the person, as well as the character of the noble lord alluded to, and who are unquestionably the best judges of the *extent* of the compliment, will certainly be of a different opinion; neither indeed is the objection founded in truth, but must have arisen merely from the passage not having been properly understood; it by no means supposes his lordship to have literally a chin of such preposterous dimensions, as must be imagined, for the purpose of reaching to the East Indies, but figuratively speaking, only purports, that if his lordship's mental faculties are co-extensive with that distinguished feature of his face, they may readily embrace, and be competent to the consideration of the most distant objects: the meaning of the author is so obvious, that this cavil probably originated

nated in wilful misapprehension, with a view of detracting from the merit of one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem. What reader can refuse his admiration to the following lines, in which the leading features of the characters are so justly, strongly, and at the same time so concisely delineated?

Acute observers, who with skilful ken
Descry the characters of public men,
Rejoice that pow'r and patronage should pass
From *sobbing* Montague, to *pure* Dundas;
Exchange with pleasure, Elliot, Lews'ham, North,
For Mulgrave's tried integrity and worth;
And all must own, that worth completely tried,
By turns experienc'd upon ev'ry side.

How happy is the selection of epithets in these lines! how forcibly descriptive of the character to which they are applied! In the same strain he proceeds:—

Whate'er Experience Gregory might boast,
Say, is not Walsingham himself a host?
His grateful countrymen, with joyful eyes,
From Sackville's ashes see this Phoenix rise;
Perhaps with all his master's talents blest,
To save the East as he subdu'd the West.

The historical allusion is here judiciously introduced, and the pleasing prospect hinted at, of the same happy issue attending our affairs in the Eastern, that has already crowned them in the Western world, must afford peculiar satisfaction to the feelings of every British reader.

The next character is most ingeniously described, but like a former one, containing some *personal* allusions, requires, to be fully understood, a more intimate acquaintance with the exterior qualifications of the gentleman in question, than can have fallen to the lot of every reader. All who have had the pleasure of seeing him, however, will immediately acknowledge the resemblance of the portrait.

See next advance, in knowing Fletcher's steel,
A youth, who boasts no common share of head ;
What plenteous stores of knowledge may contain
The spacious tenement of Grenvill's brain !
Nature, in all her dispensations wise,
Who form'd his head-piece of so vast a size,
Hath not, 'tis true, neglected to bestow
Its due proportion to the part below,
And hence we reason, that to serve the state,
His top and bottom may have equal weight.

Every

Every reader will naturally conceive, that in the description of the principal person of the board, the author has exerted the whole force of his genius, and he will not find his expectations disappointed; he has reserved him for the last, and has judiciously evaded disgracing him by a comparison to any other, upon the principle, no doubt, quoted from Mr. Theobald, by that excellent critic, Martinus Scriblerus.

“None but himself can be his parallel.”

DOUBLE FALSEHOOD.

As he has drawn this character at considerable length, we shall content ourselves with selecting some few of the most striking passages, whatever may be the difficulty of selecting where almost the whole is equally beautiful; the grandeur of the opening prepares the mind for the sublime sensations suitable to the dignity of a subject so exalted.

Above the rest, majestically great,
Behold the infant Atlas of the state,
The matchless miracle of modern days,
In whom Britannia to the world displays
A sight to make surrounding nations stare;
A kingdom trusted to a school-boy's care.

It

It is to be observed to the credit of our author, that although his political principles are unquestionably favorable to the present happy government, he does not scruple, with that boldness which ever characterises real genius, to animadvert with freedom on persons of the most elevated rank and station, and he has accordingly interspersed his commendations of our favorite young minister with much excellent and reasonable counsel, forewarning him of the dangers to which he is by his situation exposed. After having mentioned his introduction into public life, and concurred in that admirable panegyric of his immaculate virtues, made in the House of Commons by a noble Lord already celebrated in the poem, upon which he has the following observation :

———As Mulgrave, who so fit,
 To chaunt the praises of ingenuous Pitt?
 The nymph unhackney'd and unknown abroad,
 Is thus commended by the hackney'd bawd.
 The dupe enraptur'd, views her fancied charms,
 And clasps the maiden mischief to his arms,
 Till dire disease reveals the truth too late,
 O grant my country, heav'n, a milder fate!

He attends him to the high and distinguished
 station he now so ably fills, and in a nervous strain
 of

of manly eloquence, describes the defects of character and conduct to which his situation and the means by which he came to it, render him peculiarly liable. The spirit of the following lines is remarkable:

Oft in one bosom may be found allied,
Excess of meanness, and excess of pride,
Oft may the Statesman, in St. Stephen's brave,
Sink in St. James's to an abject slave,
Erect and proud at Westminster, may fall
Prostrate and pitiful at Leadenhall,
In word a giant, though a dwarf in deed,
Be led by others while he seems to lead.

He afterwards with great force describes the lamentable state of humiliation into which he may fall from his present pinnacle of greatness, by too great a subserviency to those from whom he has derived it, and appeals to his pride in the following beautiful exclamation;

Shall Chatham's offspring basely beg support,
Now from the India, now St. James's court;
With pow'r admiring Senates to bewitch,
Now kiss a Monarch's—now a Merchant's breech,
And prove a pupil of St. Omer's school,
Of either *kinson*, *At*, or *Jen.* the tool?

Though

Though cold and cautious criticism may perhaps stare at the boldness of the concluding line, we will venture to pronounce it the most masterly stroke of the sublime to be met with in this, or any other poem, and may be justly said, what Mr. Pope has so happily stiled—

“To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

Essay on Criticism.

As we despair of offering any thing equal to this lofty flight of genius to the reader of true taste, we shall conclude with recommending to him the immediate perusal of the whole poem, and in the name of an admiring public, returning our heartfelt thanks to the wonderful author of this invaluable work,

No. VI.

As we are credibly informed, that many persons of late have in vain enquired of their booksellers for the former impressions of the Rolliad, we are happy in being able to give notice, thus early, of
a new

a new edition, *the twenty-first*, now preparing for the press with all possible despatch. This, like many of the preceding, will be enriched with considerable additions, of which we propose hereafter to give some account. In the mean time, however, to gratify such of our readers, as may have been hitherto unfortunately disappointed in their search after the work itself, we shall present the public with some further extracts from the last edition, accompanied, as before, with our observations.

We mentioned long since, that most of the passages intended to be selected for our criticisms, were contained in the sixth book, where *Merlin*, by means of a magic lanthorn, shews to *Duke Rollo* the great characters, cotemporaries, and friends of his illustrious descendant, Mr. Rolle. This book, whether it be from the subject, or, as we sometimes flatter ourselves, from the recommendation of our commentary, has been generally admired, above all the rest; and of consequence, it has been revised, corrected, and improved with uncommon care by the author, in the successive editions of the poem. Thus in the *nineteenth*, he introduced, for the first time, his *Episode Parsonic*, on the vision of Dr. Prettyman, in St. Margaret's pulpit; and in *the twentieth*, the vision of the new board of In-

E

dian

dian Commissioners. At the same time, also, he very much enlarged the description of the House of Commons, with which he judiciously prepares the reader for the exhibition of Mr. Rolle, and the other political heroes of the age, on that theatre of their glory. Maps of the country round Troy have been drawn from the Illiad; and we doubt not, that a plan of St. Stephen's might now be delineated with the utmost accuracy from the Rolliad.

Merlin first ushers Duke Rollo into the Lobby; marks the situation of the two entrances; one in the front, the other communicating laterally with the Court of Requests; and points out the topography of the fire-place and the box.

————— in which
 Sits *Pearson*, like a pagod in his nitch;
 The Gomgom *Pearson*, whose sonorus lugs
 With "*Silence! Room there!*" drown an hundred tongues.

This passage is the very spirit of the prophecy, which delights to represent things in the most lively manner. We not only *see*, but *hear Pearson*
 in

in the execution of his office. The language too, is truly prophetic; unintelligible, perhaps, to those to whom it is addressed, but perfectly clear, full, and forcible to those who live in the time of the accomplishment. Duke Rollo might reasonably be supposed to stare at the barbarous words *Pagod* and *Gomgom*; but we, who know one to signify an Indian Idol, and the other an Indian instrument of music, perceive at once the peculiar propriety with which such images are applied to an officer of the House of Commons, so completely Indian as a present. A writer of less judgment would have contented himself with comparing *Pearson* singly to a

Statue in his niche—

and with calling him a *Stentor*, perhaps, in the next line: but such unappropriated similes and metaphors could not satisfy the nice taste of our author.

The description of the Lobby also furnishes an opportunity of interspersing a passage of the tender kind, in praise of the Pomona who attends

there with oranges. Our poet calls her *Hucsteria*, and, by a dextrous stroke of art, compares her to *Sbiptonia*, whose amours with Rollo forms the third and fourth books of the Rolliad.

Behold the lovely wanton, kind and fair,
As bright *Sbiptonia*, late thy tender care !
Mark how her winning smiles, and witching eyes,
On yonder unfledg'd orator she tries ;
Mark, with what grace she offers to his hand
The tempting orange, pride of China's land !

This gives rise to a panegyric on the medical virtues of oranges, and an oblique censure on the indecent practice of our young Senators, who come down drunk from the eating-room, to sleep in the gallery.

O ! take, wise youth, the Hesperian fruit of use,
Thy lungs to cherish with balsamic juice.
With this thy parch'd roof moisten ; nor consume
Thy hours and guineas in the eating-room,
Till, full of claret, down, with wild uproar,
You reel, and stretch'd along the gall'ry, snore.

From this the poet naturally slides into a general caution against the vice of drunkenness,
which

which he more particularly enforces, by the instance of Mr Pitt's late peril, from the farmer at Wandsworth.

Ah ! think, what danger on debauch attends :
Let Pitt, once drunk, preach temp'rance to his friends ;
How, as he wander'd, dark'ling o'er the plain,
His reason, drown'd in Jenkinson's champagne,
A rustic's hand, but that just fate withstood,
And shed a premier's for a robber's blood.

We have been thus minute in tracing the transitions in this inimitable passage, as they display, in superior degree, the wonderful skill of our poet, who could thus bring together an orange-girl, and the present pure and immaculate minister ; a connection, which, it is more than probable, few of our readers would in any wise have suspected.

*Ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa de hinc miracula promat.*

From the Lobby we are next led into the several committee-rooms, and other offices adjoining ; and among the rest, Merlin, like a noble lord, whose
diary

diary was some time since printed, *takes occasion to inspect the water-closets.*

Where offerings, worthy of those altars, lie;
 Speech, letter, narrative, remark, reply,
 With dead-born taxes, innocent of ill,
 With cancell'd clauses of the India bill;
 There *pious Northcote's meek rebukes*, and here
 The lofty nothings of the *Scrutineer*;
 And reams on reams of tracts, that without pain,
 Incessant spring from *Scott's* prolific brain.
 Yet wherefore to this age should names be known,
 But heard, and then forgotten in their own?
 Turn then, my son, &c. &c.

This passage will probably surprise many of our readers, who must have discovered our author to be, as every good and wise man must be, firmly attached to the present system. It was natural for Dante to send his enemies to hell; but it seems strange that our poet should place the writings of his own friends and fellow-labourers in a water-closet. It has indeed been hinted to us, that it might arise from envy, to find some of them better rewarded for their exertions in the cause, than himself. But though great minds have sometimes been subject to this passion, we cannot suppose it to have influenced the author
 of

of the *Rolliad* in the present instance. For in that case we doubt not he would have shewn more tenderness to his fellow-sufferer, the unfortunate Mr. Northcote, who, after sacrificing his time, degrading his profession, and hazarding his ears twice or thrice every week, for these two or three years past, has at length confessed his patriotism weary of employing his talents for the good of his country, without receiving the reward of his labours. To confess the truth, we ourselves think the apparent singularity of the poet's conduct on this occasion, may be readily ascribed to that independence of superior genius, which we noticed in our last number. We there remarked, with what becoming freedom he spoke to the minister himself; and in the passage now before us, we may find traces of the same spirit, in the allusions to the coal-tax, gauze-tax, and ribbons tax, as well as the unexampled alterations and corrections of the celebrated India bill. Why then should it appear extraordinary, that he should take the same liberty with two or three brother-authors, which he had before taken with their master; and without scruple intimate, what he and every one else must think of their productions, notwithstanding he may possess all possible charity for the good intention of their endeavours?

We

We cannot dismiss these criticisms, without observing on the concluding lines, how happily our author, here again, as before by the mention of *Sbiptonia*, contrives to recall our attention to the personages more immediately before us, *Merlin*, and *Duke Rollo*!

No. VII.

We come now to the *SANCTUM SANCTORUM*, *the Holy of Holies*, where the glory of political integrity shines visibly, since the shrine has been purified from Lord *John Cavendish*, Mr. *Foljambe*, Mr. *Coke*, Mr. *Baker*, Major *Hartley*, and the rest of its pollutions. To drop our metaphor, after taking a minute survey of the Lobby, peeping into the Eating-room, and inspecting the Water-closets, we are at length admitted into the house itself. The transition here is peculiarly grand and solemn. *Merlin*, having corrected himself for wasting so much time on insignificant objects,

(Yet wherefore to this age should names be known,
But heard, and then forgotten in their own?)

immediately.

immediately directs the attention of *Rollo* to the doors of the house, which are represented in the vision, as opening at that moment to gratify the hero's curiosity; then the prophet suddenly cries out, in the language of antient Religion,

—*Procul, ô procul este profani!*

Turn, then, my son, where to thy hallow'd eye,
Yon doors unfold—Let none profane be nigh!

It seems as if the poet, in the preceding descriptions, had purposely stooped to amuse himself with the *Gongom*, *Pearson*, *Hucsteria*, *Major Scott*, *Mr. Northcote*, and the Reverend author of *the Scrutineer*, that he might rise again with the more striking dignity on this great occasion.

Such of our readers as are acquainted with the old editions of the *Rolliad*, must certainly remember the descriptions of the bar, the gallery for strangers to sit in, and members to sleep in, the clock, the mace, the speaker's chair. These have undergone little or no alteration, except, perhaps, in one or two places, the correction of an inaccurate rhyme, or a feeble epithet. We shall there-

F

fore

fore pass them over in silence, and proceed directly to the Treasury bench :

Where sit the gowned clerks, by antient rule
This on a chair, and that upon a stool ;
Where stands the well-pil'd table, cloath'd in green ;
There on the left the Treasury-bench is seen.
No satin covering decks th' unsightly boards ;
No velvet cushion holds the youthful Lords,
And claim illustrious Bums such small regard ?
Ah ! Bums too tender for a seat so hard.

The four first lines of the above quotation include all that was originally said of the treasury-bench. The four last are entirely new. Nor, we trust, will their beauty be found inferior to their novelty. They touch on a subject of much offence to the young friends of the minister ; we mean the barbarous and Gothic appearance of the benches in the House of Commons. The Treasury-bench itself looks no better than *a first form in one of our public-schools.*

No satin covering decks the unsightly boards ;
No velvet cushion holds the youthful lords.

This

This couplet states with much elegance the matter of complaint, and glances with equal dexterity at the proper remedy. The composition is then judiciously varied, and the whole art of the poet is employed to interest our feelings in favour of the necessary innovation,

“ And claim illustrious Bums such small regard ?

“ Ah ! Bums too tender for a seat so hard !”

Every critic knows the interrogation to be a figure of the most powerful effect. Hence it is not unfrequently employed by *Virgil*, to give point to a reflection, as

“ Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ?”

And if our readers are desirous of seeing its full force in the present instance, they have only to substitute the following verse, which expresses the same sentiment in a more direct manner,

“ Illustrious BUMS might merit more regard.”

How flat, how spiritless this, in comparison of the other; Nor is the interrogation the only strong

figure employed in this admirable passage. This is immediately succeeded by an interjection, with an exclamation of the most pathetic kind,

“ Ah! Bums too tender for a seat so hard !

Who can read the first line of the couplet without feeling his sense of national honor most deeply injured by the supposed indignity, and who can read the last without melting into the most unfeigned commiseration for the actual suffering, to which the youthful Lords are at present exposed? It must, doubtless, be a seasonable relief to the minds of our readers, to be informed, that Mr. Pitt, as it has been said in some of the daily papers, means to propose, for one article of his *Parliamentary Reform*, to cover the seats in general with crimson satin, and to decorate the Treasury-bench, in particular, with cushions of crimson velvet ; one of extraordinary dimensions being to be appropriated to Mr. *W. Grenville*.

The epithet *tender* in the last line we were at first disposed to consider as merely synonymous with *youthful*. But a friend, to whom we repeated

ed the passage, suspected that the word might bear some more emphatical sense, and this conjecture indeed seems to be established beyond doubt, by the original reading in the manuscript, which has since been obligingly communicated to us,

“ Alas ! that Bums, so late by pedants scarr’d,
Sore from the rod, should suffer seats so hard ! ”

We give these verses, not as admitting any comparison with the text, as it now stands; but merely by way of commentary to illustrate the Poet’s meaning.

From the *Treasury bench*, we ascend one step to the *India bench*.

“ There too, in place advanc’d, as in command,
“ Above the beardless rulers of the land,
“ On a bare bench, alas ! exalted sit,
“ The pillars of *Prerogative* and *Pitt* ;
“ Delights of *Asia*, ornaments of man,
“ Thy Sovereign’s Sovereigns, happy *Hindostan* . ”

This passage has been so much changed, as to be rendered in a manner, perfectly new. The
movement

movement of the line is, as the subject required, more elevated than that of the preceding: Yet the prevailing sentiment excited by the description of the Treasury Bench, is artfully touched by our author, as he passes, in the Hemistich.

On a bare bench, alas! —————

which is a beautiful imitation of Virgil's

————— *Ab! silice in nudâ* —————

The pompous titles so liberally bestowed on the *Bengal squad*, as the *pennyless hirelings* of opposition affect to call them, are truly in the Oriental taste; and we doubt not, but every friend to the present happy government will readily agree in the justice of styling them, *pillars of prerogative and Pitt, delights of Asia*, and *ornaments of man*; neither, we are assured, can any party object to the last of their high dignities, *Sovereigns of the Sovereign of India*, since the Company's well-known sale of *Shah Allum* to his own Visier, is an indisputable proof of their supremacy over the Great Mogul.

As

As our author has been formerly accused of plagiarism, we must here in candour confess, that he seems, in his description of the India bench, to have had an eye to *Milton's* account of the *devil's throne*, which, however, we are told, much exceeded the possible splendor of any India bench, or even the magnificence of Mr. *Hastings* himself.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus, or of *Ind*;
Or where the gorgeous East, with lavish'd hand,
Show'rs on her King, barbaric pearl and gold;
Satan exalted fate. —————

This concluding phrase, our readers will observe, is exactly and literally copied by our author. It is also worthy of remark, that as he calls the *Bengal Squad*,

The Pillars of Prerogative and Pitt,

So *Milton* calls *Beelzebub*,

A Pillar of State:—

Though

Though, it is certain, that the expression here quoted may equally have been suggested by one of the Persian titles, said to be engraved on a seal of Mr. *Hastings*, where we find the Governor General stiled, *Pillar of the Empire*. But we shall leave it to our readers to determine, as they may think proper, on the most probable source of the metaphor, whether it were in reality derived from *Beelzebub* or Mr. *Hasting*.

From the above general compliment to the India-bench, the poet, in the person of *Merlin*, breaks out into the following animated apostrophe to some of the principal among our Leadenhall-street Governors :

All hail ! ye virtuous patriots without blot,
 The minor *Kinson* and the *major Scott* :
 And thou, of name uncouth to British ear,
 From Norman smugglers sprung *Le Mesurier*,
 Hail *Smiths* ; and *Wraxhall*, unabash'd to talk,
 Tho' none will listen ; hail to *Gell* and *Palk* :
 Thou *Barwell*, just and good, whose honor'd name,
 Wide, as the Ganges rolls, shall live in fame,
 Second to *Hastings* : and, *Vansittart*, thou,
 A second *Hastings*, if the Fates allow.

The

The bold but truly poetical *apocope*, by which the Messrs. *At-kinson* and *Fen-kinson*, are called the two *kinsons*, is already familiar to the public. The *minor Kinson*, or *Kinson the less*, is obviously Mr. *Atkinson*; Mr. *Fenkinson* being confessedly greater than Mr. *Atkinson*; or any other man, except ONE, in the kingdom.—The antithesis of the *Major Scott* to the *minor Kinson*, seems to ascertain the sense of the word *Major*, as signifying in this place *the greater*; it might mean also *the elder*; or it might equally refer to the military rank of the gentleman intended. This is a beautiful example of the figure so much admired by the antients under the name of the *Paronomasia*, or *Pun*. They who recollect the light in which our author before represented *Major Scott*, as a pamphleteer, fit only to furnish a *water closet*, may possibly wonder to find him here mentioned as THE GREATER *Scott*; but whatever may be his literary talents, he must be acknowledged to be truly great, and worthy of the conspicuous place assigned him in his capacity of agent to Mr. *Hastings*, and of consequence chief manager of the *Bengal Squad*; and it must be remembered, that this is the character in which we are now considering him. The circumstance of Mr. *Le Mesurier*'s origin from the *Norman Smugglers*, has been erroneously supposed by some critics to be designed for a reproach; but they could not possibly have

fallen into this mistake, if they had for a moment reflected that it is addressed by *Merlin* to *Rollo*, who was himself no more than a *Norman pirate*. *Smuggling* and *piracy* in heroic times were not only esteemed not infamous, but absolutely honorable. The *Smiths*, *Call* and *Palk* of our poet, resemble the

Aleundrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque,

of *Homer* and *Virgil*; who introduce those gallant warriors for the sake of a smooth verse, and dispatch them at a stroke without the distinction of a single epithet. Our poet too has more professedly imitated *Virgil* in the lines respecting Mr. *Vansittart*, now a candidate to succeed Mr. *Hastings*.

——And, *Vansittart*, thou
A second *Hastings*, if the fates allow.
——*Si quæ fata aspera rumpos,*
Tu Marcellus eris!

The passage however is, as might be hoped from the genius of our author, obviously improved in the imitation; as it involves a climax, most happily

pily expressed. Mr. *Barwell* has been panegyricized in the lines immediately foregoing, as *second to Hastings*; inferior to Mr. Hastings alone in virtues, but of Mr. *Vansittart* it is prophesied, that he will be a *second Hastings*; second indeed in time, but equal perhaps in the distinguishing merits of that great and good man, in obedience to the Court of Directors, attention to the interests of the Company in preference to his own, abstinence from rapacity and extortion, justice and policy toward the princes, and humanity to all the natives of Hindostan. The ingenious turn on the words, *second to Hastings*, and a *second Hastings*, would have furnished matter for whole pages to the *Dionysius's*, *Longinus's*, and *Quintilians* of antiquity, though the affected delicacy of modern taste may condemn it as quibble and jingle.

We shall conclude this number by inserting, without any comment, our author's new project for the improvement of the India-bench, with which he closes the apostrophe above quoted.

Oh ! that for you, in Oriental state
At ease reclin'd, to watch the long debate,
Beneath the gallery's pillar'd height were spread,
(With the Queen's leave) your WARREN'S ivory bed !

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